The changing lights of sun and chade
Are haby toys;
The flowers and birds are not airnid
Of baby-boys.
Some day I'll wish that I could be
A bird and fly;
At present I can't wish- you see
A babe am I.

Found tu a Frog.

The sun had arisen when Gita awoke She lived at the top of a tall old house with her grandmather, and both were poor. When she had put on her thin cotton gown, and smoothed her hair with her small brown hands. Gita ran down stairs lightly; and those stairs-some crooked stone steps in a dark passage
—would have broken our necks to descend. She came out in a narrow street. with the narrow houses almost meeting overhead, and steep paths or flights of steps leading down to the shore. The town was Mentone, in the South of France, with the boundry line of Italy not half a mile distant. At one end of the street was visible the blue sky and two churches, yellow and white, on an open square, with towers, where the

bells were ringing. Gita felt in her pocket for a crust of hard bread, and began to eat. This was her breakfast, and if she had been richer she would have drank a little black coffee with it. As it was, she paused at the fountain, where the women were gossiping as they drew water in buckets, and placed her mouth under the spout.

Raphael came along, and greeted her Raphael, a tall young fellow with bright etes, a face the color of bronze, and a little black mustache, was the son of a merchant who kept goats and donkeys for the visitors who came here every year The goats furnished rich milk for the invalids to drink, while the ladies and children road the donkeys, Gita found Raphael very handsome,

He wore a curious straw hat with the brim turned up, a shirt striped with red, blue pantaloons, and a yellow sash about his waist. One could see he esteemed himself rather a dandy. In turn, Raphael found Gita the prettiest girl of his acquaintance, with her large black eyes, brown face, and white teeth. Besides Gita was amiable and did not mock at him when he walked on the promenade on Sunday with his hat on one side, and a cigarette in his mouth.

"I have asked the consent of my parents to our marriage," said Raphael. "They refuse, unless you have a dower of at least a hundred francs. We must

Gita sighed and shook her head as she pursued her way down to the shore. In ese countries the young people must obtain the consent of their parents to marry, and the bride should have a dowry. Gita had not a penny; Raphael's father might as well have asked him to bring the moon as one hundred francs.

Grandmother was seated under an arch way, with her little furnace before her, when heavier articles of food would be wrinkled old woman, with a red handkerchief wound about her head, was a chestnut merchant. The sailors, children, and Italians coming over the border bought her wares, and when she was not employed in serving them she twisted flax on a distaff.

"Raphael's father needs a dowry of one hundred france," said Gita, as grandmother gave her a few chestnuts. "Ah, if you were a lemon girl!" said grandmother, beginning to twist the

Gits poised a basket on her head, took of the country carry all burdens on their heads. You may see a mother with a mound of cut grass on her head, dandling a little baby in her arms as she moves along. Grandmother had been a lemon girl in her day, but Gita was not strong enough. The lemon girls bring the fruit on their heads many miles, from the lemon groves down to the ships, when they are sent to America and other dis-

When you next taste a lemonade at a Sunday-school picnie, little reader, remember how far the lemon has traveled to furnish you this refreshing drink.

Gita went along the shore knitting, her empty basket tilting on her head. The blue Mediterranean Sea sparkled as far as the eye could reach, and broke on the pebbles of the beach in waves as clear as crystal. Soon she turned back toward the hills, following a narrow path be-tween the high garden walls, passed under a railroad bridge and entered an olive garden. She worked here all day, gathering up the little black olives which fall from the trees, much as children gather nuts in the woods at home. Other women were already at work; their dresses of gay colors, yellow and red, showed against the gray back-ground of the trees. A boy beat the branches with a long pole. Gita began to work with the rest. She did not think much about the olive tree, although it was a good friend. She was paid twenty sous a day to gather the ber-ries from the ground, which were then taken to the crushing mill up the ravine to be made into oil. Gita ate the green lemons plucked from the trees as a child of the North would eat apples, but she oved the good olive oil better. When the grandmother made a feast, it was to fry the little silver sardines in oil, so crisp

The olive tree is a native of Asia Minor, and often mentioned in the Bible. Some of the trees in the garden where Gita now worked were so old that the Romans saw them when they conquered the

At noon the olive-pickers paused to rest. Gita went away alone, and ate the handful of chestnuts given her by grandmother. When she returned to the town at night she would have another bit of bread and a raw onion. She seated herself on the edge of the ravine, and thought about Raphael as she munched her nuts. Below this path traversed the ravine, and climbed the opposite slope to the wall of a pretty villa, one of the houses occupied for the winter by rich strangers. Gits looked at the villa, with its window shaded by lace curtains, bal-conies, and terraces, where orange trees were covered with golden balls of fruit. "If I were rich like that I would have

soup every day, sometimes made of pumpkin and sometimes with macaroni in it," she thought. Then she turned over a stone with her heavy shoe, and it rolled down the hill.

Gita uttered a cry. The stone had covered a hole at the root of the olive tree where she sat, far away from the other workers. In the hole she saw a green frog; she dropped on her knees to look at it more closely. Yes, it was a green frog. How did it come there? She touched it with her fingers; the frog did not move or crosk. Then she took it out carefully. The frog was one of those pasteboard boxes which appear each year in the shop windows of Paris for Easter presents, in company with fish, lobsters, and shells.

Gita raised the lid. Inside were bank | ness of the atmosphere near the horizon, bills and a lizard. She knew lizards very and an unusual brilliancy or twinkling of well; they were always whisking over the stars, it indicates unusual humidity the stone walls; but then those were of in the upper regions of the atmosphere, a brown tint, while this one was white until she lifted it, when it sparkled like a dewdrop. The lizard was an ornament made of diamonds. Gita held her breath rone, &c., indicate rain or snow. When and closed her eyes. She believed her- the outlines of cumulous clouds are sharp, self saleep. Soon she rose, took the box it indicates a dry atmosphere, and, there-

wrapped in furs, motioned her to approach. Quickly the girl ran forward and held out the frog. "I found it in a hole at the foot of the

olive tree," she explained. "It must belong to this house The lady took the box and opened it, emptying the contents on her lap. There lay the diamond lizard, and the roll of French back-notes. "You see that Pierre was a dishonest

ervant, although nothing was found on him," said the lady to those about her. He must have hidden this box in the olive grove to return from Nice later and Gita listened with her mouth and eyes

wide open. The lady looked at her and miled "You are a good girl," she said.

Then she selected one of the bills and rave it to Gita. It was a note of one undred francs: "Now I can marry Raphael!" she

Raphael was standing beside grand mother's chustnut-roaster when both saw Gita running towards them, her checks red, and her eyes flashing like stars. She had to tell all about the frog. not only to them, but to the neighbors. As for grandmother, she could not hear the story often enough. When she had been a lemon girl no such luck had be-"Who would have thought of finding

wedding dowry in a frog?" laughed Raphael. Gita and Raphael are soon to be married in the yellow church on the hill. The olive-pickers in the grove seek for something besides the or berries; they

hope to find a green frog under a stone, containing money and a diamond lizard;

but this will never again happen. Hope for the Drunkard.

.If inebriety is curable, as the Boston Traveler asserts that it is, by the following method, then is there hope for the victim of this base passion-drink. That ournal makes the following assertion:

An intemperate person can easily supply simself with the remedies used at all th inebriate asylums, and be his own physician, at his own home, without the necessary expense and publicity of visiting the Washingtonian Home or any other public institution. His laboratory need only contain a small quantity of cayenne pepper, a pot of concentrated extract of beef, and a few residuals and a few grains of bromide of potassium. When the desire for alcoholie drink recurs, make a tea from the cayenne pepper as strong as can be taken will have become disgusted with the taste of the pepper, and with the appearance of this disgust disappears the love

of liquor. "The fact is proved every day. The extract of beef is to be made into beef tea, according to the direction on the pot, in such quantities as may be needed for the time being, and furnishes a cheap, easily digested, and healthy nutriment -it being made to stay on the stomach to be used carefully, and only in case of extreme nervousness, the dose being from fifteen to twenty grains, dissolved in woor. This is a public exhibit of the method of treatment adopted at the in-ebriate asylums. In addition thereto the drinking man should surround himself with influences which tend to make him forget the degrading associations of the bar-room and lift him upward. He

should endeaver, so far as his business avocations will permit, to sleep, bathe, and eat regularly, and obey the laws of bathe, and eat regularly, and obey the laws of this course erely, no man who reform can fail to do so. Hunards and thousand can attest the truth of these statements.

Lord Macaulay.

His was a memory of stupendous feats, and also an intelligent instrument and servant. He could not only remember what was useful, what he wanted to remember, but what was utterly worthless, what entered his mind by accident, what was read by the eyes only, scarcely en-tering into the mind. If, on one occa-sion, he repeated to himself the whole of 'Paradise Lost" while crossing the Irish Channel, on another, waiting in a Cambridge coffee-house for a post-chaise, he picked up a country newspaper containing two poetical pieces—one "Reflections of an Exile," and the other "A Parody on a Welsh Ballad"—looked them once through, never gave them a further thought for forty years, and then repeated them without the change of a single word. The readers of his "Life" will remember that his memory retained pages of trashy novels read once in his youth. In fact, in a way of speaking, he forgot nothing. As has been well said, "his mind, like a dredging net at the bottom of the sea, took up all that it encountered, both bad and good, nor ever seemed to feel the burden"—in this differing from Bolingbroke. We have spoken of disproportionate memories. His we cannot but think a case in point. He would have been a fairer historian if he could have forgotten some things-if his early impressions had so faded that been modified by, new ones. In their vivid strength they stood in the way of indgment. - B'ackwood's Magazine.

Andre's Prophetic Poem. During the years 1779 and 1780 Andre was on duty in New York, and took a eading part in the social life of that city. He accompanied Sir Henry Clinton at the capture of Stony Point, June 1, 1779, and wrote as aid-de-camp upon the glacis of Fort Lafayette the terms of capitulation conceded to the garrison.

He kept a careful diary and frequently wrote squibs in prose and verse for the loyalist papers, and in August, 1780, composed at Elizabethtown a burlesque poem entitled "The Cow Chase," in three cantos, amounting to seventy quatrains. The subject was the attack made by Gen. Wayne upon a block house hear Bull's Ferry, two or three miles below Fort Lee, in order to drive in some cattle from Bergen Neck. By a singular coincidence the last canto of this poem was printed in Rivington's Gazette, Sept. 23, 1780, the day of the poet's capture at Tarrytown, The last stanza is as follows:

And now I've closed my epic strain;

I tremble as I show it.

Lest this same warrior drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet. It happened, singularly enough, that Gen. Wayne was the commander of the post at Tappan at the time of Andre's execution. The original of the "Cow Chase," in Andre's autograph, is still preserved, and underneath the abovequoted lines an American pen has added the coarse commentary :

When the epic strain was sung, The poet by the neck was hung.

Weather Signs, night you observe a remarkable clear-

into all deeds.-R. W. Emerson. Profitable Patients. in her hand, and crossing the ravine, began to climb the path to the villa above.

As she reached the door a pony-carriage drove up. A big servant with many buttons on his coat told her to go lower clouds, or that of the wind then | flicted in this way need not suffer, when away. Gita paused, holding the box.
The pale lady in the carriage, who was Chicago Times.

A Liberal Editor.

We were grieved to read the other day of the death of one of Michigan's jolliest pioneer editors-almost the last man of a band who published weeklies in the State when a coon-skin whould pay for a column "ad," and three bushels of corn dumped on the office floor stood for a year's subscription. Never a publisher was more liberal with his space. It was hard work for him to charge for anything except the tax list and mortgage sales, and he measured short even on them. One day in the years gone by his paper copied an attack on a county official, and old Mark was dozing at his desk when the injured party stalked in and began; "You are a coward, sir-a-coward!"

"Mebbe I am," was the editor's com-"And I can lick you, sir-lick you out of your wrinkled old boots!" "I guess you could," answered Mark as he busted the wrapper off his only

exchange, "I'm going to write an article calling yon a fool, liar, coward, cur, slanderer and body-snatcher, and go over to Ionia and pay five cents a line to have it pub-

"Hey?" queried the old man as he wheeled around. "Yes, I'll pay five cents a line to have

our attack on me for two cents a line and take it out in mill feed or corn stalks! Don't trot over to Ionia when you can help build up your own town!"

Mark would have published it word gratis, but the official cooled off, -Detroit

"Say, let me tell you something," re-plied Mark. "I've got 200 more circu-

ation than the Banner, and I'll publish

Presence of Mind.

Free Press.

John Wilkes, says an English paper, was not a great general, but he have been one had his tastes led him into military life. His presence of mind never deserted him. He held many places of trust and responsibility. He was Alderman, Chamberlain of London, and Member of Parliament, and no man was more outspoken and daring in his criticisms upon the Government. Once upon a time, when Wilkes had been more severe than usual, and had reflected keenly upon the King and his chief ministers, in the North Briton, a warrant was issued from the Court of King's Bench for his apprehension, and for the appre-hension also of the poet Churchill (Charwith any degree of comfort; sweeten it | les), Wilkes' bosom friend and supporter. with milk and sugar and drink. This | The chief culprit knew that the warrant tea will supply the place that a glass of liquor would fill and will leave no in it, but he had not thought to speak of injurious effect behind. Repeated daily as often as the apetite returns, it will be but a few days before the sufferer chamber, Churchill being at the time with him.

"Ah, Mr Wilkes, I must arrest youin the King's name!" "You have a warrant?" "Yes; here it is."

"And you've got Charles Churchill's name down also? "Yes." "Thompson my dear fellow," said

Wilkes, turning to his companion, "do sky to get out. They begged me earnestyou run round to Churchill's rooms and ly to do the same, on account of the tell him what's coming. Tell him to be | dangerous condition of the balloon, but roasting chestnuts. Grandmother, a rejected. The bromide of potassium is off for a few days and I'll have it all right I refused. The Professor being clear of

from his net before his very eyes.

Conundrums. When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled. How does a stove feel when full of coals? Grateful. Which of the reptiles is a mathema-

tician? The adder. When is a boat like a heap of snow?
When it is suriff. When is a doctor most annoved? When he is out of patients. When is a literary work like smoke? When it comes in volumes, Why is the letter G like the sun? Because it is the center of light,

it cannot see itself? A mirror. Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Because it is inconstant.

How does a cow become a landed estate? By turning her into the field. Why is whispering a breach of good manners? Because it is not allowed. What is an old lady in the middle of the river like? Like to be drowned.

What is that which shows others what

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick. Why is a miser like a man with a short memory? Because he is always How does a sailor know there is a man

in the moon? Because he has been to sea (see). Why is a fool in high station like a man in a balloon? Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears

little to everybody.

Dr. Cuyler's Joke. The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D. was in attendance at the Presbyterian Council. One day in the week the butchers had a festival of some kind, and were to have a grand parade. That morning Dr. Cuyler visited a barber shop to get shaved. When the knight of the razor had stretched his customer's neck they could have given place to, or at least | and pushed his head as far back as possible, and filled his eyes, nose, and mouth with lather, he said to him interrogatively, and speaking as a friend: "Well, you're going to turn out to-

> "Eh?" said the Doctor. "I say you're going to have your big display."
> Going to-what? I didn't catch your

"I say you butchers are going to turn out. You're a butcher, ain't you?" "Well, not exactly. I eat a good deal of meat, but I can't say that I kill much. Still, I belong to an order closely connected with the butchers."

"You do. What's that?" "The Order of Cleavers." "Oh! and what do you do?"

"We cleave unto the Lord." The astonished barber had sufficient presence of mind to collect his fee from he member of the Order of Cleavers. But Dr. Cuyler couldn't help telling the story. -New York Graphic.

Entertaining Company.

I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman, who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at the villiage. But let this stranger see if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price, at any villiage or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparingly, and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and the bed be dressed for the traveler, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these There are certain weather signs that things. Honor to the house where they and it exhibited itself in the wisdom with are a good deal to be relied upon. If at are simple to the verge of hardship, so which the insane were treated. At each that the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow

The most wonderful and marvelous success in cases where persons are sick or wasting away from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them, (profitable patients for doctors,) is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose

An Anecdote of Gladstone The Feet of Chinese Women. The man is more interesting than any f the parts he has been called to play;

but we come to understand the man bet-

ter by seeing how he shapes and molds

these parts. As an orator, his conspicious

dignified action, and a voice full, rich,

and admirably modulated, are fertility

and readiness. He seems to have always

at command an inexhaustible store of

ideas, reasons, illustrations, whatever be

the subject which he is required to deal with. Of all great English speakers,

probably no one, not even William Pitt,

has been so independent of preparation.

was great only in reply, when his feelings

were heated by the atmosphere of battle,

whereas Mr. Gladstone is just as ani-

mated and forcible in an opening, or in a

purely ornamental and uncontentious

narangue, as in the midst of parliamentary

strife. Of the many anecdotes that are

current illustrating his wonderful power

of rising to an occasion, one may be given

which has the merit of being true. On

the afternoon when he was to make an

mportant motion in the House of Com-

ons, a friend, happening to call on him

between two and three o'clock, found

him just sitting down to make some notes

of the coming speech. He laid aside his

oen and talked for a while, then jotted

down a few heads on paper, went down to the House before four o'clock, found

himself drawn into a preliminary contro

versy of a very trying nature, in which

he had to repel so many questions and attacks that it was past six before he rose

to make the great speech. He then discovered that, as he had left his eye-

glasses at home, his notes were practi-

ally useless, put them quietly back into

his coat pocket, and delivered with no aid

to his memory, and upon that one hour's

spersed with passages of wonderful pas-

hours, and will always rank amongst his

Stealing Another's Comfort.

Any one who has stopped over night at a large hotel has been disturbed in the

small hours by persons walking in the halls as heavily and carelessly as if it

were mid-day. Guests who are up late seem thoughtless of the quiet of those

wrapped in slumber. Such conduct is sel-

A grave gentleman at the Fifth Avenu

Hotel once complained of it to the genial

clerk. "I am surprised," he said, "that

"Thieves, sir? Harbor thieves? What do you mean, sir? Explain, if

"I mean that I had something stolen

from me last night by one of your

"We are all exposed to sneak thieves

"But this was not a sneak thief. It

was a guest in the house, sir, and quar-tered as comfortably as I was."

"This is very extraordinary, sir

What was stolen from you, sir, and at

The gentleman answered with great

earnestness. "At 2 o'clock this morn-

ing some most precious sleep was stolen

from me by one of your guests, and with

Trees and Rain.

Was not this guest one of the meanest

you harbor thieves in this house,

ought to bea shamed.

you please.

what hour?"

a pair of boots.'

of sneak thieves?

guests.

ess of which any sensible person

finest efforts. - Scribner's Magazine.

ion and pathos, which lasted for three

Even Fox, swift and rushing as he was,

merits, beside his striking countenance

An American missionary, Miss Norwood, of Swatow, has lately described how the size of the foot is reduced in Chinese women. The binding of the feet is not begun till the child has learned to walk and do various things. The bandages are specially manufactured, and are about two inches wide and two yards long for the first year, five yards long for subsequent years. The end of the strip is laid on the inside of the foot at the instep, then carried over the toes, under the foot and round the heel, the toes being thus drawn toward and over the sole, while a bulge is produced on the instep and a deep indenta tion in the sole. The indentation, it is considered, should measure about an inch and a half from the part of the foot that rests on the ground up to the instep. Successive layers of bandages are used till the strip is all used, and the end is then sewn tightly down. The foot is so squeezed upward that, in walking, only the ball of the great toe touches the ground. Large quantities of powdered alum are used to prevent ulceration and lessen the offensive odor. After a month the foot is put in hot water to soak some time; then the bandage is carefully unwound, much dead cuticle coming off with it. Ulcers and other sores are often found on the foot; frequently, too, a large piece of flesh sloughs off the sole, and one or two toes may even drop off, in which case the woman feels afterward repaid by having smaller and more delicate feet. Each time the bandage is taken off the foot is kneaded, to make the joints more flexible, and is then bound up again as quickly as possible for word, just as he said, and thrown in a cut of a horse or a stump-puller free more tightly. During the first year the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing, and for about two years the foot aches continually, and is the seat of a preparation, a powerful argument interpain which is like the pricking of sharp spersed with passages of wonderful pasneedles. With continued rigorous bindthe foot in two years becomes dead and ceases to ache, and the whole leg, from the knee downward, become shrunk, so as to be little more than skin and bone. When once formed, the "golden lily," as the Chinese lady calls her delicate little foot, can never recover

its orginial shape.-London Times. Adventurers of An Eronaut. The St. Petersburg Herald contain the particulars of the adventure of the sian æronant Rudolph, who ascended in a balloon, and had been several days reported missing. "The day selected for the flight was not a good one, the wind being strong and boisterous. My companion was Professor Baranovsky, of the Meteorological Observatory. On entering the car, I sang out to the twelve sailors holding it, to 'let go.' As the men dropped the ropes a sudden gust of wind struck the balloon and dashed it against some neighboring trees, the branches of which tore a hole in the silk before it had time to rise. I threw out ballast, but to no purpose. The car drifted along the ground till it approached a lake, when I begged the Professor to leave it, with his instruments, The sailors, running up just then seized hold of the ropes and enabled Baranovthe car, I shouted to them to let go. Churchill nodded to his friend and at All obeyed the summons except one once hurried out, the officer of the law man, who was carried several feet into little dreaming how the fish was slipping the air and dropped amid a general roar of laughter. After this the balloon sailed along tolerably well, and flew for fifty miles through the air, when, the gas being exhausted, it fell near the village of Rootchi. In a very few minutes it was surrounded by men and women, who

mined attitude and threats to send for

kindly took me home, and afterward put me in his carriage, with the balloon, and

giving me two soldiers to protect me,

The Portland Advertiser tells the fol-

lowing story: There was an eminent

sergeant-at-law some years ago who had

a cork leg that was a triumph of artistic

deception. None but his intimates knew

for certain which was the real and which

was the sham limb. A wild young wag of the "uttar bar," who knew the ser-

geant pretty well, once thought to util-ize this knowledge of the sergeant's

secret to take in a newly-fledged young

barrister. The sergeant was addressing

a special jury at Westminister in his usual earuest and vehement style, and the wag whispered to his neighbor, "You see how hot old buzfuz is over his case;

now, I'll bet you a sovereign I'll run

man in that way." This was more than

the greenhorn could swallow, so he took

the bet. The wag took a large pin from

his waistcoat, and leaning forward drove

it up to the head into the sergeant's leg.

A yell that froze the blood of all who

heard it, that made the hair of the jury

stand on end and caused the Judge's wig

almost to fall off, ran through the court.

lost my money," exclaimed the dismayed

and conscience-stricken wag, quite re-gardless of the pain he had inflicted

Veterinary Science.

says the Scientific American, have re-

ceived great attention from learned

botanists; their researches have been of

much practical service to cultivators,

and have done much to advance the arts

of agriculture and horticulture. To these

two branches we shall soon have to add

those of nosology and therapeutics. Veterinary science has advanced from

mere empiricism to a strictly medical

science. Agriculture and horticulture

are but arts as yet, in which there is

much groping in the dark. We now

have agricultural colleges in which are

much to elevate these arts to science.

The elevation of veterinary art to science

has been of great pecuniary value to

many nations, an elevation of agricul-

tural art to a similar scientific stand-

point would be of equal value. When

we look at the immense values of our

crops and their vital importance to the

people, we cannot but recognize the

necessity of preserving them from disease

and the consequent pecuniary loss it

An Egyptian Insane Asylum.

Ancient Egypt had a high civilization,

extremity of Egypt was built a temple

to Saturn, where lunatics of various de-

grees were brought by their friends.

The temples were surrounded by beauti-

ful shady grounds, and patients were provided with every form of amusement

and recreation that could occupy the mind and invigorate the body. Here,

also, the finest works of art were brought.

Music, wine, employment, fixing the at-

tention and exercising the memory, were

under any personal restraint.

down to gather fall leaves.

learned professors who can do

Vegetable physiology and anatomy,

upon the learned sergeant.

"By Jove, it's the wrong leg, and I've

sent me off to the railroad station.

The countries of Sardinia and Sicily, once the granaries of Italy, have suffered the penalty of their thoughtlessness in exterminating their forests. Two thousand years ago these lands were celebrated for their wonderful productiveproceeded to tear it to pieces, and appropriate all the articles in the gar, including a fifteen guinea binocular glass forzotten by professor Barano all probability I should also perienced rough usage but for the professor articles arrival of a Colonel of the Importance arrival of a Colone portune arrival of a Colonel of the Imperial Guards and two soldiers from a ighboring chateau. For a few minutes the peasants refused to release me, and defied the Colonel, but his deter-

dle of the valley had decreased in volume every year: the cause clearly traced to the falling of a great number of trees which grew on the surrounding mountains. In Hungary periodical droughts are universally attributed to the annihilation of the forests. In Cairo, Lower more soldiers, coupled with the presents of a few roubles to buy them a drink, induced them to relinquish me, though not my property. The Colonel very highly took me home and afterward put Egypt, a great many years ago, rain fell but seldom-only once in three or four years-but since the time of Mohammed Ali thirty or more million of trees have been set or planted, and the result is now that the country has from thirty to forty rainy days in every year. When Nev England and the heavily timbered States of the Union were first settled the rainfall was greatly in excess of what it is since so much of the land has been

Complimentary Mention. A couple of Galvestonians, who have just returned from a hunting excursion, tell a pleasant little incident of the trip

near Richmond. They went up to the

house of a farmer to get some milk, and experienced considerable difficulty in getting the gate open. One of the party said to the sturdy old granger: "We had a good deal of trouble get-

ting the gate open."
"Yes," responded the granger, drily,
"I fixed it up to keep the hogs out." -Galveston News,

Not a Beverage.

this pin into his leg up to the head, and he'll never notice it, he's so absorbed in his case. He's a most extraordinary They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poor whis-ky or poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle\* contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them."-Evening Express on Hop Bitters.

Tired of It. "Well, I'm getting about tired of this 'ere life," said an ultra specimen of the genus tramp. "Going half-starved one day, and drenched to the skin another; sleeping one night in a barn, the next night under a hedge, and the third in the lock-up; this life isn't what it used to be. Tell yer what 'tis, boys, if 'twasn't for the looks of the thing, I'd go

to work." MR. THEODORE HIVELY, tobacco and cigar dealer, 109 Seneca street, was recently laid up with rheumatism so that he couldn't walk. After liberal use of various preparations he purchased a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and, to use his own expression, "It was the first thing to afford him anything like relief." He has completely recovered by its use. - Cleveland

FOND parent to his son : "Yes, San Francisco is the place to get on in. Look at James, he started without a penny, and has lately failed for \$100,000. Of course that's an extreme case, I don't expect you to do as well as that. Still, with honesty and industry, I see no reason why you should not, in a few vears, fail for \$50,000,"

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is th remedy that will cure the many diseases pecu-liar to women. Headache, neuralgia, disordered nerves, weakness, mental shocks, and kindred The Mother's Magazine.

I must tell you of a conversation I overheard at Manhattan Beach between two children who were playing in the sand together. The small boy said to the girl: "Do you wish to be my little wife?" The little girl, after reflecting: "Yes." The small boy: "Then take off my boots."—New York Post,

the principle remedies used, and none but the most violent maniacs were put Such Reports Do One's Heart Good. Mr. Frank Wilke, North and 9th streets stated, that it was not only highly praised by his customers, but the St. Jacobs Oil EVERY position in life has its pull has not failed to give satisfaction in a backs, said the maiden as she stooped single case, -Lafayette Journal.

How to Make a Toilet Table.

The exquisite toilet tables that car seldom be purchased unless at a fair for an exorbitant price, may be easily made with but little cost. These stands add great freshness and a most tasteful effect to the dressing room, however elegantly furnished. Four pine boards must be nailed together, forming a box about the size of a small bureau; the back, front, top and bottom are complete, but the ends are open. The back rises four and a half feet above the point where it joins nailed a half circle, projecting half a foot in front. This skeleton box is covered with delicate blue silesia or French cambric, which is nailed all around tight except the ends. There the cambric is only fastened at the top and left loose at the sides and bottom; thus the inside of the box may be used for a little closet. The blue cambric is covered with white dotted Swiss muslin, with a broad hem at the bottom and two deep tucks above, both finished with narrow lace edging. Over this a valance of flounce of the table, a little full-hemmed, tucked and trimmed like the underskirt. This is caught up in festoons at the front, Round the top a pleating of narrow blue ribbon is nailed on with fine brass-headed nails, and an edging above and below the ribbon. Long loops and ends of narrow blue ribbon are fastened in the center of the top, where it is festooned up, and at the end of the table. In the center of the back board, half way to the top, the board has a piece cut out a foot and a half long and a foot wide. Round this is the narrow ribbon pleating, and on each side a face edging. this open place put a fine mirror, fasten-ing on the back with cheats. From the half circle at the top a long curtain of dotted Swiss muslin is nailed a little full, opening in the middle and fastened with a bow of blue ribbon, with a broad hem and tucks, edged with lace like the bot-tom part. This curtain falls apart from the mirror, leaving that and the table open, and reaches nearly to the floor, fastened at each corner of the table with bows. Any colors may be used instead of blue that will make this pretty toilet table correspond with the room where it is to stand.—New York Commercial.

Use of the Sunflower. The familiar objects seen in childhood days remain objects of interest and affec-tion through life. There is hardly a person in the State, but that has an affection for the great homely sunflower, and all from the association of childhood days; but while it has generally been planted for ornamental purposes, its cultivation is now strongly recommended by many because the flowers are believed by many to afford the best material for wax and honey: the petals of the flowers to yield a valuable dye; the seed yields fifty per cent, of oil, excellent for cooking and illuminating purposes, while they are also a superior food for poultry and cows, increasing the flow of milk; the bottom of the calyx may be used for food in the same way as the artichoke, which it closely resembles; the wood will yield one per cent, of potash, while commo hard wood only yields one-tenth as much the beans may be used for food for ani-mals; while the bark, properly prepared;

in the winter, and affords a warm retreat for poultry from December to April.-Minneapolis Tribune. Caro, the censor, learned the Greek language when he was eighty-four years of age. We shall follow the example of Mr. Cato, and not learn the Greek language until we arrive at the age of time activity ably discover what good it would do us to acquire a knowledge of that language

paper, and sowing an acre or two broad-cast around the ioneer's cabin on the

prairie, makes an excellent wind-break

-Norristown Herald. The compositor who set up "pimpled chops" for "dimpled cheeks" didn't look a bit natural in death.—Modern

Bap habits are easily contracted; so are Colds, and both are very hard to get rid of. The Colds are quickly and surely cured by Dr. Bull's

Is an untruth is only a day old, it is

is called a legend. MALARIAL fevers can be prevented, also other

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Malt Bitters Company, Boston, Mass.

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Once a funny thing occurred behind the scenes that might have been still funnier. It was a wet, cold night, and a writer for one of the papers with his overcoat on, and his pants rolled up over his top boots, and an umbrella in his hand, and an old slouch hat on his head, stopped a moment to have a chat with Pauline Markham, who was playing "Stalacta." Markham was waiting be low the stage, standing on the trap that was to bounce her into her fairy realm. the top board, sloping till at the top it is | The writer got talking to Polly, and they not more than a foot across. On this is got interested in the chat, and before they knew it the trap had begun to go up. Markham noticed it first, and cried to the reporter, "For heaven's sake, get off!" But getting off wasn't as easily done as said. The reporter was pretty tall and very clumsy, and thoroughly scared, so he stood lookin' about him like a fool—goin' up, up, all the time. But Markham at last—and just at the last moment, too, gave the fellow a shove and knocked him off the trap. He struck his head against the floor of the stage, and then tumbled down on a coil of same material is nailed at the top of the ropes. He might have broken his head, or his bones, or his back, but he didn't. But it was a mighty close shave, and Markham kept laughin' to herself all the evenin', thinkin' how the audience would have roared to have seen that long, slabsided fellow, with his dirty wet boots, and his rolled-up breeches, and his slouch hat, and his old cotton umbrella, comin' up out of cloud-land alongside of her. in all her silks and satins and spangles, as the queen of the fairies,-Sunday Mercury.

KATE DASHIELL, a Baltimore public charge all her life, has just been buried smiled, nor moved during all these years, but had to be fed and tended like a baby years old, though her head was unusually large, and she used to sit all day rocking herself in a little chair made especially

Vegetine.

Kidney Complaints.

The symptoms of an acute attack of inflammation of the kidneys are as follows: Faver, pain in the small of the back, and thence shocting downward; numbures of the thigh, remitting, namely at first a deep red color of the urme, which becomes pale and colorless as the disease increases, and is discharged very often with pain and difficulty; contiveness and notes degree of colic. In chronic diseases of the kidneys the symptoms are pain is the back and limbs, dryness of the skin, frequent urination (especially at night), general dropsy, headache, disriness of sight, indigestion, and palpitation of the beart, gradual loss of strength, paleness and puffiness of the fisce, cough, and shortness of breath.

In diseases of the kidneys the Vacarrax gives immediate relief. It has never failed to cure when it is taken regularly and directions followed. In many cases it may take several bottles, especially cases of long standing. It sets directly upon the secretions, cleansing and strengthening, removing all obstructions and impurities. A great many can testify to cases of long standing having been perfectly curved by the Vacarrax, even after trying many of the known remedies which are said to be expressly for this disease.

Kidney Complaints.

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Respectfully.

O. H. SMITH.

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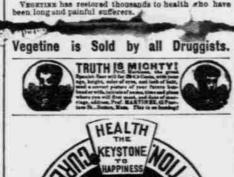
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